

Holy by MistressYin

Series: [Just A Word \[5\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Jonathon Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Original Character, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Minor Jonathon/Nancy

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Summary:

"Those who are unworthy dare not to pass"

Holy

Author's Note:

This part of the series is basically just humor, honestly! Can definitely be read without reading the previous stories.

And the word of the day is...Holy

Just about five miles off of Steve's house in Hawkins woods lay a small, almost unnoticeable except for the aura that surrounded it, clearing. An old and worn down faded purple cottage at the far back, wood battered and splintered, smoke always billowing from the top even though it looked deserted.

Surrounding the house was a graveyard, with a stone in the very middle in a neat scrawl, 'Sacred grounds. Those unworthy dare not to enter.' Statues of dead people never founded in records, and graves with withering away labels on them scattered the old cottages makeshift yard.

Steve had visited his house every Halloween since discovering it.

Billowing, worn down curtains on the window, creaky floorboards, and the stench of burning everywhere you went.

And yet, Steve never failed to knock on the door. He had always grinned at the sign, because it sent a small chill up his spine to believe that he was one of the worthy enough to enter Ms. Spindles little candy shop.

He had even manage a quick visit the night that Nancy and him went to the Halloween party together.

So when Dustin asked him what he was planning for Halloween, his answer was instant.

"I'm going to visit Ms. Spindle," and punctuated this with a sharp nod.

“Ms. Spindle?” Mrs. Byers had asked curiously.

He had no idea how they managed to convince him to show them to the old lady’s house. He really didn’t. But he had never been good at denying people things.

So now he made his way to the lady who always gave him free candy even though no one ever visited her run down shop, the woman who never failed to smile crookedly at him even as spiders danced along her floorboards, the woman he had asked again and again if she would like help sprucing up her shop but always shook her head and flicked him on the head with her ladle spoon, mumbling about generous young boys.

He grinned at the group of kids, (plus Nancy and Jonathon) as he stretched his back and got out of the car once he reached his old house.

“Uh, Steve? Where are we going? Does Mrs. Spindle now live...” Nancy paused awkwardly. “Here?”

Steve scoffed, hands on his hips. “No! That’s silly. She has a spooky little cottage in the woods. I’ve trick or treated at her house every year since I mapped out this place. Its tradition, plus she always gave me extra candy.”

Mike whooped at that.

“Through the woods?” Jane questioned.

“Yea,” he motioned over to the forest, “through the woods”

Jane didn’t pause as she started walking towards it. Steve grinned and followed her along.

After walked for a long time in ‘circles’ as Maxine complained, he stopped at the little tree where he found tweeted and smirked, ‘just around here then...’

He thought to himself, as he paused at the little stream that ran along the nonexistent path.

“Just go over this.” he commanded, striding over it and helping Jane do the same. Jonathon followed suit, and together the two of them helped everyone across the water (Maxine showed off and jumped by herself raising an eyebrow at both of their outstretched hands, but whatever)

Then he followed the winding path to Ms. Spindles house, peeling back the mossy trees and ducking under, motioning with his hands to the graveyard.

Maxine grumbled. “Uh, why? Is this part of your prank, because if you’re going to throw stuff at us this costumes expensive...” she trailed off as she made her way through the moss, seeing Ms. Spindles house.

The group, with much arguing, finally made it through the thicket of moss to see Ms. Spindles home.

“What. The. Fuck.” Lucas said, dropping his bag in shock.

Steve waved his arms around, “Not a prank!” he finally got out.

Nancy narrowed her eyes, prodding the grass suspiciously. “We can see that.”

He suddenly heard a very familiar voice.

“Oh Stevie darling, I’ve been expecting you. Did you bring your friends as new collections for my graveyard?”

Steve straightened his back. “No, Ms. Spindle, I’m only here to show them around your shop. I brought cash you know-“

“Nonsense! My adorable sonny doesn’t need to pay, I enjoy giving him treats! Now, come on, come on now children.”

“Are we in freaking Hansel and Gretel?” Mike whispered to Jane. “What’s that?” she deadpanned back at him.

Across from them, Dustin slapped his forehead.

Nancy took a step forward, only for Ms. Spindle to shriek and growl

at Nancy. she stumbled back.

“No! I said children! No one who cheats on Stevie gets to be here!” then in a flat and irritated tone, “And neither does her new boyfriend.”

She brightened. “Come on Stevie!”

He heard Mike and the rest of the kids cough and snort under their breaths as Nancy and Jonathon spluttered.

He just beamed. “Okay kids, trick or treating time!”

He chuckled as Jonathon flat out brooded, clearly wanting to go explore Ms. Spindle’s candy shop.

He practically frolicked over to her house, the kids following suit at a more hesitant face, taking in the ‘spooky’ graveyard.

Ha.

Ms. Spindle was the best.

Maybe she was a witch? No Steve! Focus!

Ms. Spindle patted him on the back with a calloused hand. “Yes, well, just make sure the kids don’t accidentally grab the chocolate covered flies instead! I’m feeding my spiders with those in the sugar webs I sewed!”

Yup, she was definitely a witch.

Steve grinned as he walked into Ms. Spindles run down house. The walls were lined with old, green planks that clashed against the purple, the cash registers paint was peeling and dated back a century, but best of all, the shelves were lined with oddly labeled candies.

“Wow, this is tubular!” Lucas phrased oddly.

Steve walked over to Ms. Spindle as the kids ran around her shop, not paying attention to the creekign floorboards.

“How about you let them in just this once? I’ll stay over for dinner~” he bribed.

She tapped her chin thoughtfully, following the movement with a shrug of her bony shoulder. “Aw, why not? But you owe me big time.” She smirked mischievously, having probably been planning this negotiation from the beginning.

He rolled his eyes as she called through the broken window, “Hey kiddies! I changed my mind! Come on in!”

Jonathon looked suspicious, but got out his camera excitedly anyway. He heard Ms. Spindle mutter something along the lines of, “kids these days and their devices...”

Steve beamed at her, watching Jonathon and Nancy loot the section of old clothes to the side, jewelry and odd assortments of robes flung over their bodies dramatically.

“You sure you don’t want help fixing this place up?”

“Nah! The kiddos love it like this, besides, I like watching them all gag on the disgusting candy I come up with.”

Steve grinned in satisfaction.

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But despite what some may think the sign means, all are welcome on her holy grounds, for Ms. Spindle believes with an open mind that all are worthy...

Just so long as they don't break her Stevie's heart.

Author's Note:

Thanks for reading, I hope you enjoyed. (How did you like Ms. Spindle?)

Thanks again from MistressYIn!